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INTER NOS

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Editorial

With the present issue, **Inter Nos** begins the seventh year of its existence, as a Quarterly, changing from a small four page sheet, issued bi-annually, to a thirty-six page periodical, a quarterly.

For this change we acknowledge indebtedness to our contributors, notably the college English Department, whose prize-winning feats, illustrate its competence; next, to our patrons, whose subscriptions pay the bills for publication, and we hope aid the young men preparing to become full-fledged Benedictines. We should perhaps explain that the Quarterly from its initial number has been produced by the Benedictine Press, St. Benedict, Oregon.

A word in regard to this arrangement may be in order. No local printers could give us the terms given by St. Benedict's. Why? Because religious do such work, but receive no salary. Thus, the biggest item of expense is eliminated. (**Editor's note:** Benedictine Press, let not the foregoing statements tempt you to raise your prices.)

This arrangement came about through a visit of a Reverend Benedictine, Father Gabriel, who was soliciting printing orders, to help rebuild their novitiate, which had been destroyed by fire. The cause was worthy, the expense "meetable." Let our readers judge for themselves concerning the high quality of work put out by the Benedictine Press. Mount St. Mary's has never had cause for complaint, and has had no complaints from the Press.

Comments from some **Inter Nos** fans have been heart warming; some from those who read from cover to cover, and pick out for comments

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MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

articles of special interest to them; others have bound copies of each issue to date, combining two or three volumes to make sizable books and eliminate expense.

Copy will be welcomed, whether it be the work of students, of faculty members, or of other subscribers.

May the New Year be good to all of you and those dear to you; may it be prosperous, safe and happy by heaven's choicest blessings and by your keeping close to God.

Sister M. Dolorosa

March 19, Saint Joseph's Day

By Sister M. Dolorosa

In preparation for the feast of St. Joseph let us contemplate together some of the virtues of this quiet humble man, honored by God above all the human race, with two only, ranking in a place above him, Jesus become the God Man, and Mary His Mother, chosen in the aeons of the eternal years as the one and only daughter of Eve pleasing to the Eternal Father, as the future Mother of His Son; Mary the Virgin destined and prepared to bear a son, and Jesus the Incarnate Word, her Child, and the third, the man who was to complete this perfect family circle, sometimes styled "the Earthly Trinity."

As Mary was chosen and prepared even to her being conceived Immaculate, so we may logically believe Joseph was endowed with all the virtues and graces necessary for the perfection fitting, in the man who was to be her protector and spouse and foster Father of God's Son.

As Foster Father of Jesus, he had many joys, yet as spouse of the Queen of Martyrs he had many sorrows, because of dangers threatening the two whom he was chosen to provide for, to guard and protect from evil, and to share their lot.

Because of the necessity of guarding the dogma of the Virginity of Mary in the early ages of Christianity, St. Joseph remained in the shadows of devotion, silent, almost unnoticed. When the time was fitting, various popes have drawn St. Joseph from his obscurity and established devotions in his honor. Pope Leo XIII being especially noteworthy as he gave St. Joseph his title "Patron of the Universal Church."

St. Joseph's litany gives him to all sorts and conditions of men, as a model, a comfort and adviser. Model of workmen, he plied a carpenter's trade and earned what was needed for the support of his family. Spiritual writers sometimes speak as if a carpenter's trade were menial or despised. It was not so. Every Hebrew boy was to

be taught a trade or some other means of livelihood. St. Paul was from a family of comfortable status, yet his trade was that of a tent maker.

A carpenter could well be an artisan as well as a workman finding pleasure in the beauty and excellent finish of his creations, as well as pride in the strength and endurance of the hoes, wagon wheels and plows needed by neighboring farmers.

The model of workmen became the safeguard of families, the consolation of the poor, hope of the sick, and by his blessed death, supported by Jesus and Mary, became patron of the dying. As protector of the Church may he be her armor of strength in the godless persecutions to which she is subjected in our day. Where Communism holds power, the sufferings of the friends of Christ seem prompted by a diabolic influence more terrible than under the most cruel of the persecuting emperors of Rome in the early centuries of Christianity. So, let us fervently beg St. Joseph, protector of the Holy Church, to be ever present to her, and her children, giving courage and fortitude in their time of need to our Holy Father, our Bishops, Priests and people to whom love and loyalty to Christ make all earthly good things vain and worthless. "God, who in Thine ineffable providence didst vouchsafe to choose blessed Joseph to be the husband of Thy most holy Mother, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be made worthy to have him for our intercessor in Heaven, whom on earth we venerate as our holy protector. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen."

March 25, Feast of the Annunciation

By Sister M. Dolorosa

Among the masterpieces of the great Catholic artists of the "Golden Age of Christian Art," it is an acknowledged fact that the inspiration for their immortal paintings and sculptures was supplied by their religion; thus they have given us soul stirring representations of God's Mother, their Madonnas. Among these none are more beautiful than their conceptions of the occasion when "The Angel of the Lord appeared unto Mary." As with the great artists, so with us lesser mortals, this mystery is among the easiest and loveliest contemplations for our imagination to bring to life.

Kneeling at her bench, "silently sitting in the dawn," standing with awe-bowed head before the radiant heavenly visitor, we see Mary, the chosen young Jewish maiden of perhaps fifteen years of age, fulfilling God's eternal Will. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women." And when fearfully she looked at Gabriel, he reassured her: "Fear not Mary, for thou hast

found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus."

Then, explaining the mystery of her Virgin-Motherhood, the angel added: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Mary's will was free to accept or to reject. While the heavens and the earth waited in awe, as always from her earliest breath of life Mary chose the Will of God: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to thy word."

It was accomplished—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," and the Gospel closes this stupendous history with the simple words "And the angel departed from her."

The following moments were too sacred for human description. When "our tainted nature's solitary boast," and her Son, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, from eternity true God, and now, truly God and man, held their first precious communing with each other, the moments were theirs alone—not to be violated by the presence of any other.

OUR LADY OF THE CITY

By Lillian Scott

*The sky is lanced with fleeing gulls
Who scream retort at cement crags below.
But she is silent.
In love her ponderings, full of prayer, arise.
Here in the asphalt valleys is the slush of feet, so tired.
Here on the concrete rills, pants an ancient engine.
Here into steel-boned caverns go those seeking feet.
It seems to some a granite heart throbs here
Yet she understands its beating is a melody of praise.*

Diane

By Ann Birmingham

A week had gone by since school had ended, but I felt as though I had never left home. The heavy quiet of the hot spring days had not worn on me yet. I still enjoyed the empty afternoons spent on the front porch, thinking about nothing at all. I was tired of thinking; all I wanted to do was vegetate. I knew this contentment would be short-lived, and one such afternoon, I caught myself thinking. As usual, the thoughts were confused at first and then gradually, like the colors in a kaleidoscope, they fit into one pattern.

The stimulus for my thinking was a spider high up in his web near the wooden beams. He was in the act of luring a fly into his trap. I watched the procedure intently, not knowing which one I wanted to win—the strong or weak creature. I felt a strange admiration for the clever spider and a pity for the fly, who was sure to be ensnared. Being in a melodramatic frame of mind, I was swept back to memories of my year at school. Whenever I think of that year, a certain self-pity forces one person into my mind. She was the type of person who could completely control another's feelings and moods, and she found excellent working ground with me. It is difficult to believe, that one person could wield such control over another. But Diane was a strange girl—not in appearance or behavior. In fact, she was quite ordinary at first glance. It was the way in which she could work her way into a person's heart almost effortlessly, until the other was completely dependent on her, happily so. I don't believe Diane set out deliberately to do this, as though it gave her a feeling of power. Someone once said of her that she saw the good in another and worked through that to develop the person. That was how I felt when Diane became sufficient for me, and I closed myself up from everyone else.

I must remember when I first knew Diane. Oh, yes! it was in history class. We sat next to each other in the back of the room and we used to write notes when the lecture was boring. I never saw her outside of class, but even so she interested me. I can remember one Friday that she was going into Chicago for the weekend.

She whispered across the aisle. "Cathy, I don't feel very well. Do you suppose I should leave?"

"Yes, you don't look too well either. I'll bring your books."

After class, I met her in the hall and she still felt ill. "I won't be able to go into Chicago now, the way I feel."

"That's a shame!" I wished I could help her. Something made me say, "I'm going into town tonight, so I'll bring you back a surprise."

I left her then and went to the smoker. The kids were all there playing bridge, and so I soon forgot about Diane. But I did bring

her back her surprise. Right now I can't even think of what it was, but I know it made her happy.

Was that the beginning? Memory sometimes tricks one. It eludes the exact moment and leads one astray on events that happened before and after. A relationship is like that though. There is not a time when it can be said, "Here is where it all started." The period of non-knowing to the period of knowing is a split second, if counted in time. There seems to be a contradiction of terms, as if the *motion* is very slight, but there is a world of *change*.

I can remember vaguely that Diane was with us more and more. She seemed to fit right in. It was natural for me to consider her a friend. Anyone to whom I could talk was a friend then. Maybe I should have kept it that way, and yet, would that have been possible? But there is no point in trying to imagine what might have been.

One lovely afternoon I decided I wanted to take a walk, and Diane said she'd like to come along. We started out with no destination in mind. It must have been the still beauty of the day that made me feel so close to her after so short a time, but I felt I could tell her anything.

She must have felt the same way, because she said suddenly, "You know, I was a little hesitant about coming, because I didn't know what I could say to you."

"But why? Do you have trouble talking to me?"

"No, not exactly," Diane answered. "For a long time now I've tried to get to know you and I didn't feel as though I had succeeded. Maybe I was trying too hard. You can't force a friendship."

We walked on not saying anything. Mixed notions were running through my head and I couldn't find words to express them.

Suddenly, Diane asked, "Do you ever feel terribly alone when you're with a group of kids? It's a strange feeling, as if everyone is talking a foreign language and you can't understand them."

"Yes!" I answered enthusiastically. Here was something we had in common. "Sometimes, I just want to get up and run. Everything I say sounds like nonsense to me, so I end up saying nothing. I wish I could just leave, but I figure I'm better off sitting by quietly."

That more or less broke the ice, and words came much more easily. We talked about our families and friends at home—just about everything. When we went in, I felt I really knew Diane and also that she knew me much better.

Now my thoughts are becoming somewhat hazy. I do remember that Diane became my almost constant companion. She had only to give the hint of doing something, and I was on my way with her. I was happiest when there were just the two of us, because then I felt we were actually sharing everything we did. Yet at times I enjoyed having the others around. It was easy to share a private joke then by a smile or a look. I wanted to yell out, "This is my friend! Look everyone!" I can also remember, though, times when I wasn't so happy. Towards the end those times became more fre-

quent. It was my own possessiveness that caused my unhappiness. I looked upon Diane as *my* friend and jealously guarded her every movement. The least hint that a look or laugh was meant for someone else, and a slap in the face could have produced the same effect.

Diane and I used to play tennis quite often—sometimes just the two of us and at other times Alice and Betty would join us. There was a time when I enjoyed those games, but I came to dread them.

"Hurry up, Cath!" Diane left me and ran upstairs.

"Okay, I'll be ready." I was happy. It was a beautiful day and I was going to play tennis with Diane. She came down for me and we started out.

"I told Alice and Betty we'd meet them down by the door," she said, as we hurried along.

"Oh," I answered disappointedly. I felt as though she had betrayed me. Anger welled up in me, and turned to a dull self-pity. The least she could have done was tell me.

"I know what you're thinking, Cathy," Diane said, "but there was nothing I could do. They asked me if we were going to play and I had to say yes."

"Yes, I suppose you did," I answered, but I wouldn't let myself be convinced. I think at times I enjoyed making myself miserable. It gave me a strange satisfaction. I suppose I thought that if Diane knew she made me unhappy, it would hurt her.

Things progressed from bad to worse. It seemed as though all my fears were being confirmed. I felt sure Diane was growing away from me and I was helpless. She was coming home with me over Thanksgiving holidays, and I had hopes that things might somehow straighten out again. But they didn't and the vacation was over before I knew it. If anything, we were further apart. Everything I said came out wrong, and I twisted all Diane's remarks to feed my own bitterness.

The day we had to be back at school, Diane suggested taking the early train to miss the crowd. I agreed because I thought, with no one back at school, I could have Diane to myself for a few hours. Mom made some sandwiches from the left-over turkey and we planned to have them for our dinner when we arrived. School was like a morgue when we reached it in the late afternoon.

"Come down to the room when you're ready. I'll wait for you before I eat." I left Diane and went to my room.

The room wasn't at all inviting, but I set to work unpacking. I looked at the clock—4:30. Diane ought to be down in about an hour. I finished putting my things away and then started to lay the food out for our dinner. I was strangely excited and was unconsciously listening for her step. Once I thought I heard her, but I was mistaken. 5:30 came and then 6:00, but not Diane. I didn't want to give in and look for her, but eventually I could wait no longer. I searched in every place I thought she might be, but I went back to the room alone. I just wanted to cry until I couldn't cry anymore. I suppose I knew what had been happening for some time, but

wouldn't admit it to myself. In refusing to accept the truth, I hoped I could hold back the inevitable. But once I faced the facts, I had nothing to lean on.

I wanted to face Diane with what I knew. But just what did I know? What could I say to her? Diane, you didn't come up to the room and I had to eat alone? No, I knew it was much deeper than that. But how does one go about telling a girl that she's allowed you to become too dependent on her? She knew that. What I wanted to say was, "Diane, why do things have to change? I was so happy! Can't we go back and start again?" But I knew I could not say that, not if I had any pride left.

So I just let things go along for a few days, not saying anything. I would wait for Diane to make the first move. I didn't see very much of her, because whenever I was around, Diane was conveniently absent. When we were forced together, there was stiff politeness that was worse than open animosity. I finally could stand it no longer and I decided one Friday night to bring it out in the open. We had been playing bridge and about ten-thirty the game broke up. Diane was about to leave when I stopped her.

"I'd like to talk to you when you can find the time." I mustered up all the sarcasm I could.

"Now don't be that way, Cathy!" Diane said. "I'll talk to you whenever you want. How about right now?"

"Fine!" I answered curtly. I wasn't going to let her get the best of me this time. I was intending to say just what I had been thinking.

Diane began. "I'm glad you said something to me first. I've wanted to talk to you, but I didn't know how to begin."

"Well, I thought one of us should take the step. I couldn't put up with things as they have been much longer." I was still angry and my anger was a means of defense. "Diane, would you please tell me what has been going on lately?"

"I'm not sure I can tell you, Cathy. I've been trying to figure myself out."

"Well, I can't understand it. I've always thought of a friendship as something that would always last. Maybe I've been naive. When a person has a true friend, she gives a part of herself to that friend. That part can never be retracted, but as long as the friendship lasts, that part is not missed. If the friendship dies, that part is lost too; it's just as much a part of the person as a head or a heart."

Diane was silent and then she said, "I know how you must feel about me. You think I've let you down miserably and I probably have. But I just can't help myself. This same thing had happened before, so I should have realized before I allowed myself to know you so well. It's just that I can't help wanting to know a person completely and becoming dependent on her. But after a time, I feel too tied down. I want to be able to go where I want and do what I want without having to tell someone first."

Diane stopped here. I didn't say anything, and so she continued.

"I know I've hurt you so many times, but I couldn't help myself. I just wanted to be free."

The talk went on until we both said everything. I had wanted to tell Diane what I had been going through and yet when I did, I felt no triumph. I had an empty feeling when we stopped. We parted as "friends" but we both knew it would never be the same.

Well! The fly got away. I'm really glad. The spider can do without it. Yes, memories are strange things. One never knows what they will uncover.

Letters from Abroad

It's Thursday early but before going to school I am penning these lines, our last to you before leaving Paris. Yesterday I was fortunate in having an interview with André Maurois who was most cordial and from whom I learned many delightful anecdotes about his literary friends. He is Director of the French Academy which I shall visit tomorrow. Sr. C.A. will be happy to know I have another autographed copy for our library. Tonight we are having all the C.S.J.'s over for a buffet supper in our room. It will be fun, for all of them have been so friendly. I have become quite an experienced shopper in our neighborhood because we always have our supper in our room. It's much more relaxing. In spite of the world famous French "cuisine," our mouths are all watering for some of Sister Dolorine's specialties. There is nothing like them here. We met three Oblate Fathers yesterday on the street—one is pastor at Monte Carlo, and has asked us to visit him on our way to Rome this weekend. Maybe he knows someone who would play a few dollars for me. Anything over a \$1000. I shall mail home for the Fine Arts building!! The International Congress for Foreign Teachers of French is in session now at the College de France and I have been attending some of the sessions—very interesting. No doubt everyone is looking forward to Saturday and the close of another S.S. Be sure to get a good rest in August. I made a Special Holy Hour for the Mount and you, at Sacre Coeur last Saturday. Love and prayers.

SISTER ELOISE THERESE

Greetings from Emmaus! Yes, we finally reached it yesterday, about six miles outside of Paris. Abbé Pierre was not there as he is resting some place in France incognito. He was quite ill after returning from America. He may be in Nice. Since we have met the pastor there, as Sr. E. T. mentioned, we may see the Abbé yet. We met his helper, or one of them, at Emmaus in an old two story house where the Abbé began his work. On the grounds were several smaller shacks or simple houses which looked like those described in the book. A group of three men were peeling potatoes about a large kettle, some children were playing in one corner on the grass, and a

man was sleeping under a large tree. We visited a simple chapel constructed of old pieces of wood and beaver board. Everything in it was old but clean, and there were fresh flowers in glasses on the altar. The yard outside contained a profusion of beautiful flowers. I had forgotten to bring the camera so no pictures! Sr. Rosaire took two slides, however, and promised us copies.

After Emmaus we visited the Chateau of Vincennes, which is really a fortress, containing tower and dungeon, from the thirteenth century. We saw where Henry V of England was imprisoned and died, where Mirabeau spent years of imprisonment, where Charles V of France built quarters for himself within the fortress.

A good bit of the inside was destroyed by mines placed inside the fort by the Germans during the last war. My French did not permit me to discover how they managed to place them.

Love to all. We leave Paris in two days. Much to do in the meantime.

SISTER ALICE MARIE

Sister Rose de Lima of the Western province in company with Sister John Marie of St. Louis and Sister Cyril Clare of St. Paul will study during the coming year at Regina Mundi in Rome, a Papal Institute for religious women. These three students will represent the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Extracts follow from Sister Rose de Lima's letters written "en route."

Aboard ship—Friday, Sept. 9, 1955

Dear Mother and Sisters,

Here we are in the middle of the Atlantic. The sailing thus far has been very pleasant and fairly smooth most of the time. We are sleeping well and eating well, too. The day before yesterday Sister John Marie was not feeling too well but she has now fully recovered. I take one of the pills for sea sickness each morning. I do not know whether or not it is necessary but I am not taking any chances.

I did appreciate getting Sister Cyril's "Mount News" in New York. I am sorry that Sister Marguerite is not so well. I am having a special intention for her in my prayers.

There is a priest on board, a Father Donnelly, returning to London after a summer in New Jersey. He signed up to sit at our table. At first we thought that we would not like it so well, but he is really good company and we enjoy his English accent and English humor. He is giving us his address and has offered to show us London, when and if, we get there. We have Mass each morning at seven for which we are very grateful.

I am sure that Marie Barry will tell you that we had dinner with her and Mrs. Campbell at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on last Monday. Sister Cyril Clare's relative took her and Sister John Marie out riding for the afternoon. Dr. Mazzola took Mrs. Campbell, Marie and me for a long ride. He sent me a bon voyage package of cookies and candy to the boat. I am going to give some of the cookies and candy to Father Donnelly for his young nieces and nephews. Sweets are not too plentiful in England.

I was sorry that I could not make connections in New York on last Tuesday with the returning travelers. Our boat left from Hoboken. I enjoyed talking to Sister Alice Marie and Sister Eloise Therese on the phone. I did appreciate too, their bon voyage message which was delivered to me in our cabin just before sailing.

Our quarters here on the ship are very comfortable. We have an outside cabin with sleeping places for three with a washroom with shower, adjoining. In the summer this place is considered cabin class but from September 1 to May 1 it is tourist class. Most of the day we spend reclining in deck chairs on the sun deck. An ocean voyage is truly a restful and relaxing experience.

I shall be thinking of you and praying for you particularly during the opening of the semester. I am delighted that Father O'Reilly will be back at the Mount for Mass this semester.

With much love to all, I am

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Paris, France
September 20, 1955

Dear Mother and Sisters,

Greetings from gay Paree. I still find it hard to convince myself that I am really here. We are staying with the Sisters of the Presentation who do not look anything like the Presentation Sisters we have in California. Their dress and headdress is much like the Sisters of Charity, but the habit is white. They always wear a black apron, even in the chapel.

Since arriving here last Wednesday evening, we have been on the go all day. Last Friday, Sister Cyril Clare was too tired to go, but Sister John Marie and I went to Versailles. There are so many things to see of historic importance that one would have to stay here for many months to be able to see most of them.

Our living quarters are very comfortable. We get our breakfast and supper here. You would be amused to see us drinking our breakfast beverage out of bowls. The coffee, which I do not take and which Sister Cyril Clare no longer takes, they say is very bitter. Sister John Marie still has the intestinal fortitude to drink it. The tea is good. The beverage, chunks of French bread and unsalted butter make up the breakfast menu. They usually serve us jam. I believe that must be a concession for Americans.

From our experience of the French, we do not think that they are as polite and considerate as Americans—any opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Most of them have a rather blank expression and never recognize Sisters in any way. The same seems to be true even of the priests, who wear very short cassocks. Many of them ride bicycles. We have seen some Sisters doing that, too.

Last Saturday we took an all-day excursion to Chartres. It is quite a distance from Paris. There were two American priests from Phoenix in the group. One was a Monsignor from Phoenix who was

wearing a tan suit and a French beret. To most of the people he was passing for a layman. We did not learn his name. The other priest was a Father Donahue, pastor of St. Agnes' in Phoenix. He knew many of our Sisters from Prescott very well. He asked especially for Mother Rosemary. He was very good to us and took our check for dinner.

The ride to Chartres was beautiful. On the way we stopped at the Chateau Olivet built by Diane of Poitiers. Most of it is still in good repair and is occupied by a French family. It was very interesting to see the various rooms. Mass is still said on Sundays in the chapel. The Cathedral of Chartres is really magnificent. There are one hundred and seventy-six stained glass windows of the most exquisite glass; the blues are particularly beautiful. There are many rose windows, gifts of the nobility, each one seemingly trying to outdo the other. The windows were removed during the war. It took two years to replace all of them. As you know, this Cathedral dates back to the twelfth century. We were sorry that we did not have more time there to see some of the evidence in the adjoining area of the Roman occupation. In connection with the Cathedral, I should have told you about the statue of our Lady of Chartres of black stone. The Blessed Sacrament is still kept in the Cathedral and it is still used for a parish church for the people of Chartres. Chartres is a very fertile country. We could see tractors and other American machinery being used in farming. In less prosperous parts of France, the methods of farming are still very primitive.

On Saturday evening I phoned Murielle Rheume. She came over Sunday and took us out. We went to Sacré Coeur in Montmartre where there is perpetual adoration. We were there in time for Vespers which was held with great pomp and ceremony. A man dressed like a Swiss guard led the procession to and from the sanctuary. He also accompanied the priest who took up the collection. We thought that it would be difficult to pass up such a collection.

I do wish that I had time to tell you all the interesting things that we have seen. I wish that Sister Ignatia could come here. She would surely have a field day, or rather, several field days. I do wish that all of you could come. I know that each one of you could find much to enjoy and much to appreciate.

On Thursday morning we leave for Lyons, then to Le Puy, to Toulouse, Lourdes and finally to Rome which we plan to reach by October 1. I am sure that all of you are working hard. I do wish that you could take a minute or so out to write to me. I should love to hear from you. Could someone send me the list of the postulants? How many entered? I should like to pass on the information to the Sisters from St. Louis and St. Paul.

You are often in my thoughts and in my prayers. Much love to all,
Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

St. Joseph's Convent
Le Puy, France
September 24, 1955

Dear Mother and Sisters,

Here I am at Le Puy, a spot hallowed with memories of the Sisters of St. Joseph. I was so thrilled to get Sister Cyril's news letter and notes from Sister Hortensia and Mother. Sister Timothy's letter was a real cure for our fatigue from travel.

Yesterday afternoon at a quarter past one we left Lyons and expected to be at Le Puy by last night. We could not get, at that time, a through train to Le Puy and had to change at St. Etienne. From St. Etienne, we got a train for what we thought was Le Puy. Imagine our consternation when at 7:15 P.M. we were told at Dunier, about sixty miles from Le Puy, that that was the end of the line. Fortunately, an older woman and a young woman realized our predicament and came to our rescue. It was a small village with two rather dingy looking hotels. It was raining which did not help the appearance either. It had grown dark. The older woman took us to a convent of Sisters of St. Joseph from Le Puy. They received us most cordially in their convent. The building we occupied dates back to the seventeenth century and had the type of accommodations which must have dated back to that time with the exception of electricity. The Sisters received us most cordially and gave us comfortable beds to sleep in with linen sheets that looked as if they must have been hand woven. The Sisters were surely generous in sharing their scarcity with us. The Superior and Sister in the kitchen got up before the community this morning to get breakfast and see us off at 6:45.

We took a bus from Duniers, and had a beautiful ride through some very hilly country. We saw farmers in the fields plowing with yoked oxen. In fact, oxen seemed to be the beasts of burden in the country through which we passed. The houses perched on the side of the hill with the red tiled roofs present a very lovely picture. As you go through France, you can see what is meant by French windows.

The Sisters from Dunier had phoned to the Sisters here at Le Puy who were at the station with a car to meet us. The Sister who drove the car is from Concord, Mass., and her companion had spent some time in the United States and could speak English fairly well. We were received most cordially and were first given some breakfast although we had already eaten and had reminded the Sisters that it was an ember day. We learned that the ember days are not fast days in France. So we are enjoying the privilege of the French today. You can readily see the necessity of this dispensation for the French have not yet recovered from the war. The Sisters from here have five places in Massachusetts which are under the jurisdiction of the Reverend Mother here in Le Puy. Sister Timothy and company can tell you how their habits differ from ours.

I have really gotten a bit ahead of myself. I should have told you first about our experience in Lyons. We arrived at Lyons from Paris without any mishaps. We were received most hospitably by

the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. They, too, had a Sister from the United States, from Maine, who was commissioned to take care of us. They showed us the convent which Mother St. John took over—it had been a chateau—when she restored the community at Lyons, whence we came to the United States. We were shown Mother St. John's bedroom which is almost the same as it was when she lived in it. We saw her thimble, rosary, and the cap she wore during the revolution. Her priedieu desk and bed, also the cane she used during her last days are still there.

We went to the cemetery to visit Mother St. John's grave. En route to the cemetery, we visited the chapel of Fourvière where Mother St. John prayed and we saw the statue of Our Lady of Fourvière to whom she had such great devotion. How I wish that all of you could have the same privilege. I prayed for all of you at those holy places.

I could go on and on, if I had the time. I shall have so much to say when I get back that you will have to stop me from talking. I am very grateful for all of this.

I'm delighted to hear about the sixty-one postulants and the 475 students. Again we have much to be grateful for. Do keep me in your prayers and I shall continue to pray for you. Love to all,

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Via Marcantonio Colonna 52
Roma, Italia
November 5, 1955

Dear Mother and Sisters,

The news letter just arrived and I did enjoy reading it. Many thanks, too, to Sisters Elesia, Marguerite, Ignatia and Celestine. I shall answer each one of you at a later date.

The cold weather has stopped for a while and we are having what the Italians call St. Martin's summer. However, every once in a while St. Martin's summer is interrupted by rain. One never goes out around here without first studying the heavens carefully to see how imminent the possibility of rain is. I have surely had good use of the rain cape since coming to Rome.

A few days ago we received from St. Louis a copy of the new custom book. The format is surely different as are some of the customs. On the whole, I believe that we had already heard of most of the changes.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday were holydays and holidays here. Wednesday was our regular day off. So we felt cheated in that November 4 was a national holiday but we had classes just the same. National holidays here in Rome, I am told, are so numerous that you cannot keep up with all of them. We were told that this one commemorated the closing of World War I for the Italians. We concluded that they (the Italians) had finished a week before we did.

Last Tuesday ten of the English speaking Sisters, including

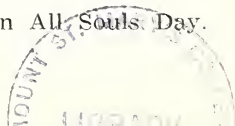
Sister John Marie and me, went to Subiaco. It is about a two hour ride from Rome and is situated high in the Apennines, I believe. After you get to the town, you have to take a bus which takes you to the monastery of St. Benedict. When there, you feel as if you really are on the top of the world. The Mount would be a valley in comparison with it. The monastery is very interesting. It is built around the spot to which St. Benedict first had refuge when he left Rome. The cave where he stayed and prayed is there and now contains a lovely statue of St. Benedict. The plan of the monastery is very interesting. Some of the walls are part of the rock cliff. St. Benedict stayed in this monastery (not the present one) until some other monks joined him and asked him to be their superior. They you know, later poisoned him or rather tried to poison him. In this monastery, there are some beautiful frescoes. Some of them go back to the seventh century. St. Francis of Assisi visited this monastery at one time. One of the oldest pictures of St. Francis is found on one of the walls. After we had finished seeing the monastery, it started to rain. The prior invited us to use their parlor where we ate our lunch. He offered us beer and wine, both of which we declined.

After lunch, we went to the monastery of St. Scholastica, which is about a half a mile below St. Benedict's. On the way down, we saw some Benedictines playing ball. They ranged in age from about eight or nine to fifteen years. They looked so funny in their little Benedictine habits. The scapulars and lower part of the habit was tucked up for playing. We were told that many families give one of their sons to the Benedictines. Most of them, too, are said to persevere. To Americans the idea does seem a bit strange.

St. Scholastica's is a large monastery. Some of it was destroyed during the last World War and is now being repaired. They have a number of very beautifully illuminated manuscripts. We got there in time for Vespers which was sung by the Benedictines who were divided into various groups ranging in age from about eight to eighty. The ceremonies were carried out beautifully. Because of the Holy Day, the Vespers were solemn.

After Vespers we left the monastery to take the bus back to the town. The bus driver passed us up because we did not give the right signal. We had to walk to the town which is at least two miles away from St. Scholastica's. After we were a short distance from the monastery it started to rain. All of us had brought rain capes along, just in case, with the exception of a Benedictine Sister who was with us. She did not even have an umbrella. It was the heaviest rain I have ever been out in. When we got to Subiaco we really presented a sorry sight. We had a two hour ride back to Rome with wet shoes. Our habits and veils were pretty dry. We thought that Sister Raymond, O.S.B., would have pneumonia the next day. However, all survived beautifully.

It was our intention to visit the Catacombs on All Souls Day.



However, the rain kept us home. We hope very soon to see the Catacombs.

The Holy Father had a public audience at St. Peter's on Friday morning at ten-thirty for teachers. We attended and had very good places thanks to three young Italian teachers who made it their business to see that we should see everything that was going on. The Holy Father looked well, although a bit tired. He gave an address in Italian which lasted for a half hour. On each occasion that we have been present he has given one of these speeches which he reads. It is really surprising when he stops after a question and hear the audience shout, "Si, si," or "no, no," whichever answer is appropriate.

I am sure that Bishop McGucken will be missed in Los Angeles. When is he leaving? Has rumor yet started to name his successor? I would be interested to learn some of the possible candidates. Do you suppose he will be still in Los Angeles to come up for his annual visit when, I am told, the blessing of the Fine Arts building is to take place? The Tidings is being sent here to Rome. It is three or four weeks old when I receive it. However, I enjoy reading the news, particularly the events that cover the Mount. I do enjoy, too, reading news items in it that concern Rome particularly when it is some event that I have witnessed.

Classes at Regina Mundi continue to be very interesting and life here with the Sisters of the Resurrection is as much like home as the Sisters can make it. On Sunday, all of the Sisters who live here who are students at Regina Mundi will have recollection Sunday. All of the Communities represented here have a recollection day a month. So we are recollected together.

I should appreciate hearing from any of you who can find a minute. When you are away, letters from "home" are very important. Please keep me in your prayers.

With much love to all, I am

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Via Marcantonio Colonna 52

Roma, Italia

November 12, 1955

Dear Mother and Sisters,

Many thanks for the round robin which arrived and which was enjoyed including the diagrams. I now have a very graphic picture of what changes have been made in the seating arrangement in the chapel, refectory and Sisters' room. I will know just where to go in those places when I return. Life at the Mount seems to be going on at the usual rate or perhaps at an accelerated rate.

Last Monday at six o'clock Monsignor Doheny paid us a visit. I had tried to get in touch with him a few days before but did not succeed. In fact, I was on my way down to the telephone to call him when Sister came up with his card. We had a nice visit

with him. He said that he would come back to see us some other time. Perhaps you are thinking that six o'clock in the evening is a strange hour to be visiting. Not so in Rome. Life begins here in the afternoon at about four o'clock and dinner is at eight o'clock or later. We have ours at seven but that would be unheard of outside a convent or even in some convents. When I was trying to get in touch with Monsignor and suggested to the person who was answering the phone where he lives that I would phone at three o'clock, could almost hear the man gasp when he said, "He has to sleep, doesn't he?" I did not tell that detail to Monsignor.

Yesterday, we paid a visit to Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, our Cardinal Protector. Reverend Mother sent us a letter of introduction to him. He was really very gracious and asked us to come in to see him at any time. You may be sure that we will be dropping in often. You know that he is the Prefect of the Propagation of the Faith. There is a large building devoted to that purpose and the Cardinal has several rooms there. His English was not too fluent. Possibly, from lack of an opportunity of speaking it, he has lost whatever facility in the language he had. He seemed to understand us very well but we had to follow him very closely to understand him. Jokingly, he said that he would have to write to Reverend Mother and give her a report on our progress.

On Wednesday, our weekly holiday, we went to St. John Lateran's for Mass. That day was, as you know, the anniversary of the dedication of the Church. This basilica is said to contain a collection of the most authentic relics in Rome. On that day, they were all exposed. We could see the beautiful reliquaries which contain the heads of Sts. Peter and Paul. We could also see over the altar in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament the relics of the table of the Last Supper. The Mass was solemn carried out with all the ceremonies. Cardinal Messala, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, was the celebrant. There were many bishops there with ermine, etc. Everything was very impressive as far as the clergy and attendants were concerned but you should have heard the choir. It was male choir of men and boys with good voices. But the music was really very operatic. A priest was directing it, too. I am told that there are really very few churches in Rome where you will hear really liturgical singing. The Benedictine Church to which we have gone for Mass, San' Anselmo's, and the Church of the Gesu seem to be the two notable exceptions. Doesn't it seem strange that the Jesuits would be a notable exception in this respect? You do see and hear strange things in Rome. The Sistine choir at St. Peter's is good but the canons usually sing with them and they are not so good.

This week we also visited the Church of the Twelve Apostles in which the ordinations take place. It is a lovely old Church and contains the bodies of Sts. Phillip and James. On the upper part of the facade are large statues of the twelve Apostles with Our Lord in the center. Around the corner from this church is the Gregorian

University to which the students from the North American College go. Many other seminarians go there, too. We are told that seven thousand clerical students from various national colleges go there for classes. When we are going to class in the morning, we see many seminarians on the busses and on the streets. They all wear those ecclesiastical hats and each college has its own distinctive sash.

Close to the Church of the Twelve Apostles is the famous church of the Gesu. This is one of the most magnificent Churches in Rome. It is richly decorated with marbles of various colors, bronzes, sculptures, and lovely frescoes. In one of the transepts there is a beautiful chapel of St. Ignatius of Loyola whose body is under the altar. This altar is magnificent with precious stones, valuable marbles and gold and silver. As it was late, we did not have a chance to visit the rooms of St. Ignatius which are off the sacristy. You see you do not have too much of a chance to see what is in the churches in the afternoon as they, too, are closed from one to four o'clock with the exception of the four major basilicas. Even the Lord gets a siesta in Italy.

Tomorrow all the English speaking Sisters are invited to Benediction and tea at the convent of the Sisters of the Assumption. You see our social life keeps us quite busy. We had intended to go to Ostia tomorrow until we received this invitation. We shall have to defer our visit to Ostia until a later date.

Methinks that I had better bring this epistle to a close. I really do have to do some reading. From my letters, you must judge that I am really a gad about. Monsignor Doheny's advice to us was to see as much of Rome and its environs as we possibly could. It looks as if his advice were not necessary, doesn't it?

I do hope that all of you are keeping well in spite of your many duties and activities. I will continue to keep you in my prayers.

Love to all—

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Via Marcantonio Colonna 52
Roma, Italia
January 1, 1956

Dear Mother and Sisters,

First of all, a happy New Year to each and everyone of you. I trust that you received the Christmas card that I intended should reach you before Christmas. I am wondering if it did. What makes me think that it did not is the fact that I have heard from some other persons to whom I had written at the same time who had not received the card that I had sent. The Sisters told us that a man was going to fly to the U.S.A. on December 15 and would take mail for us and mail it in the U.S.A. and thereby save time and money. Just before we gave the mail to him we heard that he would be on his honeymoon and then we began to think that it would not be so good an idea. However, it was too late then. Now I am wondering if

you ever received the card. In case that you do not, I want you to know that I had a Mass said for the intentions of each of you at the altar of St. Pius X on Christmas eve.

You may be sure that I was more than thrilled to get the good news about the grant from the Ford Foundation. I appreciated Sister Eloise Therese's thought in sending me the clipping and the news so promptly. Sister John Marie received similar news from Fontbonne at just about the same time. The whole congregation certainly profited. It was so nice that the news came just before Christmas.

Christmas was truly beautiful in Rome. To add to my joy, my nephew who is in the army in Germany was here for Christmas. He and a friend of his from Los Angeles who had gone to Loyola University were here from December 23 to December 31. I suppose that you think that we attended the Midnight Mass which was, according to clippings from the United States papers that I received, said in St. Peter's by Our Holy Father. The fact of the matter is that the Holy Father said Mass in his private chapel and was attended by only a few persons. The big Christmas Midnight Mass here in Rome is said at St. Mary Major which is the stational Mass. They have there relics of the crib of Bethlehem which they carry around the Church in solemn procession just before the Midnight Mass. We did not go as everyone advised against it as there are such crowds there that it is almost impossible to hear Mass. We had Midnight Mass here in the convent followed by a second Mass.

After breakfast in the morning, we went to St. Mary Major for the third Mass for which St. Mary Major is also the stational Church. It was a good opportunity to see the lovely mosaics in the apse. On other occasions when we have been there the church was not lighted and it is impossible to see the mosaics unless there is good light in the basilica. After Mass there, we went to the church of St. Anastasia which is the stational church for the second Mass of Christmas. It is also Cardinal McIntyre's church and I had been anxious to see it. Christmas is one of the few days on which our Cardinal's church is open. There is a large picture of him in the back of the church. In the back of the churches that have a Cardinal there is a large picture of the Cardinal on one side and on the other there is a picture of the Holy Father. The most elegant thing in the Cardinal's (McIntyre) church is his picture. The church does have possibilities but it needs much attention. We found that only one Mass had been said there on Christmas and that had been at six o'clock in the morning. The students from the North American College had sung it. After we left St. Anastasia's we went to the piazza of St. Peter's. At noon the Holy Father, from a window in the Vatican palace overlooking the piazza, gave his blessing to the thousands who were assembled there. A large contingent of the U.S.A. Atlantic fleet was there. They were stationed in Naples and had come to Rome for Christmas. When they heard us speaking

English a number of them came over to talk to us. They were from eastern states.

On St. Stephen's Day, Sister John Marie and I went out with my nephew and his friend. We went to St. John Lateran and the Scala Sancta which is opposite St. John's. From there we walked back to the Colosseum. We had been there before but we had never taken time to go to the top of it. We took some pictures there. By that time, we were ready for dinner which we had at an American Restaurant with the first steak and ice cream that we had eaten since we came to Rome. In the afternoon we went to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. We spent some time there. There are ten miles of Catacombs here. However we did not walk all that distance. St. Peter had been buried here at one time but his body had been later removed. It is really very impressive to walk along these long corridors and to look up and see vaults as high as you can see. That same day, we visited the church of Quo Vadis built on the spot where St. Peter met Our Lord. The stone marked with what are purported to be Our Lord's footsteps imprinted on that occasion is kept in the church of San Sebastiano which we also visited that day. The body of St. Sebastian is also there.

On the feast of St. John we went to Mass at St. Mary Major, the stational church for that day. We heard Mass in the crypt that has the beautiful reliquary in which are kept the relics of the crib. It was the first time that I had seen it unveiled. When you go to the churches for the stational Masses, you always see many seminarians there, particularly from the German college. They wear red cassocks and cloaks and it is easy to distinguish them from a distance. On the feast of the Holy Innocents we went to St. Paul-Without-the-Walls for the stational Mass. It was the first time that I had visited that basilica which is truly very beautiful. It is the largest church after St. Peter's. It contains some splendid mosaics. The present basilica is comparatively new as the former one had been destroyed by fire. The present church was consecrated by Pius IX in 1854. The exterior is not really very inspiring but the interior is of a different character. Some of the mosaics of the original structure were preserved and are incorporated into the new basilica. We heard an interesting historical detail in connection with St. Paul's Monastery which adjoins the basilica and which is joined to it by a very interesting cloister. Every Abbot of the Monastery of St. Paul is, since the Middle Ages, decorated with the Order of the Garter granted by the King of England who is a perpetual Canon of the basilica.

After leaving St. Paul's we took a bus to Tre Fontane which received its name from the fact that three small fountains of water, according to legend, gushed miraculously from the earth on the spot where St. Paul's head bounced three times after it had been cut off by the executioners. This scene is very graphically depicted in one of the three chapels there. We visited as much of the lovely Benedictine Abbey of the Tre Fontane as we could. This abbey has been

built on the place of the martyrdom of St. Paul and today belongs to the Trappist Monks. We saw there some lovely sixteenth century mosaics depicting various saints. We saw other things of interest that day but I am afraid that I will have to defer telling you about them until I return. On the way back to Rome, we took the one and only subway that is here. These cars really represent quite a contrast to the ordinary Roman street car in which we are accustomed to riding—they are so clean and commodious. They are really very modern and comfortable. We thoroughly enjoyed riding in them.

On Thursday we went to Greccio, which is about three hour ride from Rome. We hired a bus for the occasion. They have beautiful busses here which you can get for a very reasonable rate. There were twenty in the party. All of the English speaking Sisters from here went and some other Sisters who were visiting in Rome during the holidays. Some of these Sisters are studying in Florence and others in Paris. Sister Emmanuel, a Franciscan Sister from Winona who was a member of the faculty of Catholic University and who is now in Europe doing work in connection with the Sister Formation was in the party. The ride through the mountains was beautiful. Our first stop was at the church of Santa Columbo where St. Francis of Assisi had spent some time. It is a lovely old place situated high in the mountains against sheer cliffs of rock. It reminds one much of Subiaco. It originally belonged to the Benedictines who gave it to the Franciscans who are still there. In the chapel we saw a lovely wood carving representing St. Francis dictating the Franciscan rule to one of his monks. It is a magnificent piece of work and is, I do not know how old. From there we went to Greccio where St. Francis had the first Christmas crib. They have built a chapel on the spot and above the altar they have a fresco representing the original crib. In striking contrast to this is the large chapel with a modern crib, complete with lights that go on and off periodically. Shades of St. Francis! The monk there took us all through the old monastery including the dormitories in which had lived St. Leonard of Port Maurice, St. John Capistrano and numerous other canonized Franciscans. We had our lunch there in one of the rooms.

I think that I shall have to leave to a later edition telling you about our visit to the Sistine chapel on last Saturday. If I were to go into that now, I am afraid that the year would be much older when you received the account. I shall be anxious to hear about Christmas at the Mount. May each one of you enjoy much happiness and many blessings during this year.

Love to all.

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart.
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

Via Marcantonio Colonna 52

Roma, Italia

January 11, 1956

Dear Mother and Sisters,

To hear from so many of you was truly a nice way to begin the New Year. I am grateful for the letters and do promise to try to answer them individually at some time in the not too distant future, I hope. The time seems to be passing so quickly here that we scarcely find time to do the things that we want to do. I suppose that we will go home without having done all the things that we would like to have done. However, we have seen so much already that I do not think that we can honestly find any ground for complaint. Incidentally, the semester is coming to a close. For us that means preparing for three examinations in classes that will finish this semester. Canon law, Spiritual Theology, and the Social Doctrine of the Church are only one semester courses. At this time, the professors are giving us short quizzes to condition us, I think, for the final. This was suggested, so our professors told us, by Mother Magdalene, the Dean. Deans sometimes do have a way of interfering with the students' plans.

On Wednesday, January 5, we went to Nettune as guests of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. They have a house here in Rome. Sister Alice Marie and fellow travellers met two of them who are students at Regina Mundi in Paris last summer. The brother of one of the Sisters is a priest in Minnesota and he had sent Sister the money to rent a bus and buy a lunch and take the Sisters out for a day. As there was room in the bus we were invited. Sister Emmanuel whom I mentioned in my last letter was also there. The bus was very elegant and was equipped with heat which we were glad to have on the way home.

Nettuno is south of Rome and is on the Mediterranean. We had a beautiful ride along the Mediterranean for some miles. The Mediterranean is so beautifully blue. We had not seen it since we passed it on our way to Rome. In fact we have not seen any large body of water since we have been here. I believe that I told you that we cross the Tiber and ride along almost the whole length of it coming and going to Regina Mundi—via street car. The name of the street which follows the length of the Tiber in Longotevere. In various sections it has other names added to it. When one now looks at the Tiber, one concludes that if the Tiber is now just as it used to be that Horatius did not have much to do to cross it. I think that he could have walked across it. It is very yellow and dirty looking. It reminds one of the color of the Missouri River. You can still see a couple of very old bridges. However, most of the bridges are new and quite modern. At the beginning of this paragraph I started to talk about the Mediterranean and now I find myself wading in the Tiber.

In Nettuno we went to the house that was once occupied by St.

Maria Goretti and her family. We saw the room in which she was stabbed and beaten. In the house there is a plaque in which it says that the house has been restored by Cardinal Spellman. We went to the church in which the body of St. Maria Goretti is kept. It is a wax image of a young girl in which her bones are enclosed. The walls of the chapel where her body is, have many votive offerings on them. The church, itself is rather gaudy and garish. The chapel in which St. Maria Goretti is has been added within the past few years and is better looking than the rest of the church. The people of Italy have great devotion to this saint. We also visited the hospital where she died. They have made an oratory of the room in which she died. Since the canonization of St. Maria Goretti there have been many pilgrimages to Nettuno each year. Here, too, you find places where religious articles are sold that are anything but devotional. The natives are not losing an opportunity of profiting in a material way, at least, from the glories of their former fellow townsman. I suppose that it does not bother anyone quite so much as it does Americans.

On our return trip to Rome we passed the American cemetery just on the outskirts of Nettuno. It is very well kept and reminded us of a veterans' cemetery in our country. There are over seven thousand of our boys buried there. Besides this number another fourteen thousand of our boys who lost their lives there were taken back to the United States for burial. As we walked through the cemetery, we could see row after row of white stone crosses with an occasional star as a marker for the Jewish boys. The name of the state from which the boy came was on the stone. I saw a number there who were from California. Not far from Nettuno is Anzio where our boys made that beachhead that was so costly in lives. In Anzio there is a cemetery for the English who lost their lives in that area.

In a church not too far from where we live, San Andrea della Valle, they are to have a very interesting celebration of the octave of the Epiphany. This church is taken care of by the Theatine Fathers. Beginning with the feast of the Epiphany and continuing each day during the octave two solemn Masses are celebrated in a different rite. We have not been able to go to all but we have seen a number. The ceremonies have been very interesting—much more solemn than in our rite. The music is so different in each rite. In the Ethiopian rite the music has the rhythm characteristic of African music. This rite, too, I thought was the most colorful and included more ceremonies than most of the others. In the afternoon, there is a sermon preached in a different language each day. The students from the particular country who are here in a seminary, sing the Benediction each day. It surely gives you a feeling of the universality of the Church.

Yesterday afternoon, in connection with the celebration, the children from different countries had a program. The Blessed Sacrament was, I believe, removed from the Church. The master of cere-

monies for the occasion was an Italian boy of about ten years. He gave an introductory speech and introduced each number. The children who took part ranged from about four or five years of age to about ten years of age. There was one group of Russian children who seemed a little older. There was a platform in the sanctuary for the children. Some of the children wore the costume of the country and others wore just ordinary clothes. Some of the groups sang and others danced. Most of the numbers were performed by individual children, mostly boys, giving very dramatic declamations. The Italians are very good at this. They always seem to be dramatizing anyway—on the streets and in the public conveyances. Our country was represented by a small girl dressed like Columbia. She gave a recitation. There was also a little American boy in a sailor-suit who sang. Rome is truly a very cosmopolitan city with many different language groups represented. Many from countries behind the iron curtain are making their homes here. There is a particularly large Polish group. The Sisters of the Resurrection are a Polish group. A few Polish people live here and many others visit here. There are two women who live here who are members of the Polish nobility. Their mail has to come to them by devious ways. Five hundred Sisters of the Resurrection are still in Poland. No word ever comes from them directly.

Has the Tidings yet published the new encyclical of Our Holy Father on liturgical music? It appeared in *Osservatore Romano* about a week ago. The Latin text was first published and then the Italian text a few days later. For the most part, it seemed to stress the points made by St. Pius X in the *Motu Proprio*. We are wondering what effect this encyclical will have on the Italian people. As I believe I already told you, with the exception of the Benedictine church San' Anselmo, and the church of the Gesu, the Jesuit church, it is almost impossible to hear liturgical music in Rome. It struck us as being very strange. There is an English church here, San Sylvestro, where we went during Advent on Sundays to hear an English sermon and for Benediction. Some of the English hymns that we heard sung here have not been sung in our country for years.

The Roman weather, thus far, has not been too hard on us. We have been out in a few very heavy rains. However, for the most part, the rain has been at night. We have had a few very cold spells which have not lasted too long. It really has not been as cold as we had expected. I believe that Sister Rosalie who was here from St. Paul last year had led us to expect colder weather than we have had. However, I know that the winter is not yet over and there are still some days in January and February, too, in which we might have some very cold weather and some very heavy rains. From what I have heard from California, especially northern California, the rains there have been very heavy and very disastrous, too.

With much love to all, I am

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,
SISTER ROSE DE LIMA

You are an Usher

By Carol Sebastian

You are an usher—"serving the great American public." You politely show people where to sit. Sometimes you would like to show them the main exit. Take an average night—say a night at the opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. Your head usher greets you with those endearing words, "full house tonight, people." You groan. A full house in poker may be good but not for an usher.

First balcony center is your section. With two other ushers you divide three hundred seats. People who sit in the balcony have been known to come even later than those who sit in the best orchestra seats. You smile to yourself. They can't all be late. It's a four act opera. The chances are good that you will see the last act. Your thoughts are interrupted by a delicate voice whose carefully chosen diction gently taps your consciousness, "Hey Joe, whadda ya know. It's rainin'." This enlightening morsel of news warms your heart. Quick mental calculations follow, The usual late comers plus traffic plus rain equals — — —. Oh well!

At seven-fifteen the manager calls out, "All right, places everybody. The house is open." You check your flashlight, pick up your programs, and stand at the head of your aisle. The early arrivals always have seats in the last balcony. Their humorous remarks often start your evening off with a smile. "Do you think it's raining up there? Where do we get the oxygen masks? Which way to the 'attic'?" People who sit in "heaven" are seldom late.

Your section fills up with the speed of a snail on an obstacle course. These people also have their remarks. "Will the opera start on time? Is there a ballet in the opera? How much are the librettos? How does one get back stage?" These questions aren't too bad but the person who sees you hand out programs and seat people and then asks, "Are you an usher?" really provokes deep thought. Several answers streak into your mind but the security of your job compels silence.

When the house lights go out, you look at your section. A piece of Swiss cheese—plenty of empty spaces. It takes much longer to seat people when the house is dark. The tickets are handed to you upside down and many times blank side up. (X-ray vision is a prerequisite for all ushers). When the number of the row and seats is deciphered, the procession up the stairs begins. The people creep along behind you muttering about being late, and of course the inefficiency of the usher. Upon arriving at the row you point out the correct seats, return ticket stubs, and vanish down the stairs. Your performance is so artistic that popular demand forces you to encore it many times.

The curtain rises for the first act. Again you look at your section. Empty seats polka dot the balcony and the cavity in the fifth row

looms out like the black hole of Calcutta. As you stand looking at this usher's headache a hand from the eighth row beckons you. You answer the call.

"Yes, madam?"

"Usher, this seat is dreadful. I can't see a thing. Please have it changed to that empty seat in the row ahead of me. Here is my ticket stub."

You tell the lady that there isn't a seat available in the entire house. All the seats have been sold, even the empty ones. The rain has made many people late.

"Then get me the head usher, and if necessary I'll go to the manager."

You get the head usher and again climb to the eighth row. The lady is asked if she would like to exchange seats with an usher.

"Where do they sit?"

"They sit on the steps in the aisles."

The discussion is ended.

You grin at the head usher and walk down the stairs. You ease yourself onto a concrete step which is covered by a rug second in thickness only to a piece of tissue paper. You lean back against two pointed spears commonly known as knees. They belong to the usher behind you. Your restful position is short lived. A pair of tickets pushed in front of you brings you to your feet. You grab your flashlight and programs and take off for the higher elevations. On returning to "see" level you find other late comers waiting to be seated. As the encore curtains part at the end of the first act, you survey your section. The two center seats in the fifth row remain unoccupied.

When the audience leaves the theater for intermission, you go with them. Your duties as an usher also include reminding the patrons that smoking is not permitted in any part of the theater or lobby. You spot your victim standing to the left of the main stairway. He is a tall man in full evening dress, and he's smoking a cigar. You burrow your way through the crowd until you stand beside him.

"I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to step outside to smoke."

"Young lady, it's raining outside."

"Yes, sir, I know but you'll have to step outside or put out that cigar."

"My dear young lady, this is a very expensive cigar and I intend to enjoy it where it's warm, not outside in the rain."

"I'm sorry, sir, but smoking is not permitted in the lobby."

"I have checked the lobby and did not find a sign to that effect."

"I'm certain that I can disprove that statement, sir, if you will kindly read the sign directly above you."

A pair of incredulous eyes met two words, NO SMOKING.

When the second act begins, you observe the fifth row. The center seats are still empty. You gracefully plop onto your front step seat as the curtain rises. Half way through the second act you are dis-

turbed by a tap on your shoulder. You look up. Two green stubs marked row five seats one and two greet you. The boy behind you gives you a push. You uncurl and struggle to your feet. You look up at the fifth row. To your utter horror, you find no vacancy in the center but an empty seat at each end. You look at the ticket stubs and then back at the row. There's no mistake. The tickets are clearly marked row five seats one and two. There are people sitting in those very seats! You look for the lady in the eighth row and find that she is sitting where she belongs. You suddenly realize that everyone in the fifth row has moved one seat closer to the center. That is, you think that's what happened. First balcony center is composed of fifteen rows, each with twenty seats. This means that you will have to check eighteen tickets before you can seat these people. You explain what has happened and ask Mr. and Mrs. Will B. Late to stand in the aisle until you can recover their seats. The look on man's face tells you he wants his seat, and he wants it now!

You hurry to the fifth row and ask the first person for his ticket stub. The people in the fourth row turn and stare at you and those in the sixth row tell you to be quiet. The blood rushes to your cheeks. You are glad it's dark. You check nine tickets and find your suspicion was correct. You send a message down the row to the effect that the first nine people will have to move one seat to the left. By some miracle the message gets through and the mission is accomplished. The occupants of the sixth row groan audibly. You smile. At last the audience is getting a taste of its own medicine. Now for the other nine! You go around to the other side of the row and take care of them in the same manner. The disturbance does not add to your Hooper rating with the sixth row, but you don't care. You bring Mr. and Mrs. Will B. Late up to the fifth row and direct them to the two center seats. Nine people get up and sit down. The sixth row is most unhappy.

You go back to your step. With the exception of the intermission the remainder of the evening is yours to enjoy the opera.

You don't believe all this could happen? Be an usher.

Greek Civilization

By Sister Mary of St. Celine, R.S.G.

*But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the Crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity,
Her citizens, imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past,
On all this world of men inherits
Their seal is set.¹*

Our Hellenic Heritage! How strong are the threads which unite our culture to that of ancient Greece? The great age of Hellas bequeathed to Europe ideas in every department of action and thought which are live forces in our civilization today. The Greeks gave us ideas—clear ideas about education, art, government, life and conduct, and the relation of man to the Divine. The Greeks invented philosophy and history, they invented the theatre and dramatic criticism, and above all they laid the foundations of what we know as science. Greek civilization is the basis of all civilization, except the Hebrew.

It is indeed difficult to overrate the amount and the variety of the many hidden threads that unite our modern culture to that of ancient Greece . . .²

One of the chief contributions of Hellas is the Greek spirit. A sense of this spirit comes with a growing knowledge of the works of Greek genius in poetry, in art and prose literature of different periods, which have proven very valuable in the study of ancient Hellas. There is first the vivid picture of the life of a far-off heroic age portrayed for us in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by Homer.

I. a. The Greeks of the post-Homeric period, the 'classical' Greeks and their successors, considered that one of the great events in their history was the Trojan War. There might be disagreement as to the interpretation of its causes and its meaning, but for most people, it was a piece of history, not a piece of legend or myth.

Paris, also called Alexandros, was the son of Priam, wealthy king of Troy, a city in the northwest corner of Asia Minor. Paris was entertained by Menelaos in Sparta, and from there carried away, Helen the wife of Menelaos. He took her back to Troy, where she lived with him as his wife. The princes of Greece enraged by the action of Paris raised a force of a thousand or more ships, manned by fighters, with a view to forcing the return of Helen. The forces were led by Agamemnon, elder brother of Menelaos, the wealthiest

¹ Shelley, *Hellas*.

² Mahaffy, J. P. *Problems in Greek History*. (New York: MacMillan Company, 1927.) p. 207.

and most powerful of the Greek princes. The fleet assembled at Aulis in Boeotia and made for Troy. There the Greeks landed after a fight, but were unable to take the city. For nine years they remained before Troy, keeping the Trojans on the defensive, storming and plundering other cities in the vicinity. Agamemnon, quarrelled with Achilles, his most powerful fighting man. Achilles withdrew for ten years from the fighting, and kept his followers, the Myrmidons idle as well. In his absence from the battlefield, the Trojans led by their hero Hektor got the better of their enemies and threatened to destroy the ships. Patroclus the dear friend of Achilles led the Myrmidons into battle and was killed by Hektor with the help of the god Apollo. Achilles returned to the fighting and killed Hektor to avenge Patroclus. Almost single handed he routed the Trojans. The body of Hektor daily dragged around the funeral mound of Patroclus was ransomed by Priam. The burial rites for Hektor finally ends the *Iliad*. Although not recounted in the epic itself Achilles was killed. His death did not save Troy, which was presently taken. Most of the defenders were killed, the non-combatant population was carried into slavery, and the kingdom of Troy was obliterated.

Homer's *Odyssey* has immortalized the Greek hero of the Trojan War Odysseus. This warrior after a long series of sufferings and absence from home, inflicted upon him by the anger of Poseidon, over the blinding of his son, the Cyclops at last reaches his native land, Ithaca in the Ionian Sea, but finds his wife Penelope beset, his young son Telemachus insulted by a troop of insolent suitors. He is forced to appear as a beggar, and nobody recognizes him but his dog Argus. Odysseus was shamefully treated by these men, but at last by the aid of the goddess Athene, he is enabled to overwhelm his enemies, resume his place in the family, and recover his property. Of all the chiefs of the Achaeans who fought at Troy, there was none who gained for himself a greater glory than Odysseus. He was brave in battle, and steadfast in danger. The society of the *Iliad* and *Odessey* was not a primitive society, but the waning phase of an older civilization.

b. Heinrich Schliemann was born January 6, 1822, at New Bucklow in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the son of a poor Lutheran minister. During the early years of struggle, he was successively grocer's apprentice, cabinboy on the "Dorothea" bound for Venezuela, office attendant, and bookkeeper in Amsterdam. All this time he had a passion for the Homeric story. The ambition he dreamed of was to become a great linguist. He acquired a knowledge of seven or eight tongues, including ancient and modern Greek. In 1846 the house of B. H. Schroder of Amsterdam sent Heinrich to St. Petersburg. He became a military contractor during the Crimean War, and partly due to this he made a fortune. In 1850, California became a state in the Union, and Heinrich Schliemann being in the Golden State at the time, became and remained an American citizen. With his large fortune he left for Greece in 1868, and there visited

Homeric sites. Two years later he returned to take up work on the site of Troy. The enthusiasm which he showed seldom dwells in the heart of the thoroughly scientific investigator. He hoped to find the actual scenery of the city of Troy, where Priam and Paris, Hector and Aeneas, once walked through the streets. He was convinced that Troy must be on the lowest level, and hewed his way down, regardless of the upper strata. By 1873 he had laid bare considerable fortifications and other remains of a burnt city of very great antiquity, and discovered the remains of a burnt palace, the weapons of primitive warfare, the jewels of queens, and the worn querns of slaves. His genius told him that this was the city of Homer's king Priam. It was found later that this city belonged to the middle pre-Mycenaean period, long prior to the generation of Homer's Achaeans. Trying to resume his work in February 1874 he found himself inhibited by the Ottoman government, whose allotted share of the gold treasure had not been satisfactory. During the delay, he issued his *Troy and its Remains*, and then went to Mycenae. There he began work in the dome-tombs and by the Lion's Gate, and opened a large pit just within the Citadel. The double ring of slabs and certain stone reliefs came to light. Exploring the rock, he cleared away another three feet of earth and stone, and came upon the five shaft graves. A sixth grave was found after he had left the site. The objects, which included gold, silver, bronze, fine stone and ivory ornaments, buried with the sixteen corpses revealed the character of a great civilization preceding the Hellenic. In 1878 he dug unsuccessfully in Ithaca, and the following year resumed work at Hissarlik, and summed up the results of his labors in the *Ilios*.

c. Sir Arthur Evans was born in Nash Mills, Herts., England on July 8, 1851. After being educated at Oxford, and Gottingen, he became keeper of the Ashmolean museum at Oxford. He was interested in archaeological and ethnological conditions in the Balkan states. The Austrians arrested him in 1882 on a charge of complicity in insurrection in Dalmatia. In 1893 he began investigations in Crete which resulted in discoveries of the utmost importance concerning the early history of Greece, and the Eastern Mediterranean. The archaeological work undertaken by Sir Arthur Evans includes the digging out and rebuilding of the grand staircase, corridors and halls on the east slope of the palace-hill at Knossos.

It is indeed rarely that natural conditions allow an ancient building of three or four stories to be dug out, its charred beams carefully replaced by iron girders, and its calcined pillars replaced by new on the old lines, so that we can mount, as at Knossos, an ancient grand stairway of three flights on its original steps, and with the original steps above us as we mount, in their proper place as they were built.³

³ *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Volume 8.

All the work done at Knossos was done at the personal expense of the archaeologist. What is known of the civilization of Crete indicates that it was a forerunner of Greece. Sir Arthur Evans' discoveries give strong evidence of intercourse between Egypt and Crete, and between Egypt, the Isles and the Peloponnese. Prosperous trading towns arose on the island, and chief among these were Knossos and Phaestus. We are acquainted with Cretan life and history only through the remains of buildings and other archaeological finds. The written records have never been deciphered.

The Cretans were seamen and the first people in the Mediterranean to engage habitually in commerce and export and import trade.⁴

The pottery of the Cretans was delicately decorated, and seems to have been a speciality with them. The palace at Knossos was luxurious. It had hot and cold running water, and a surprisingly modern sewage system. It was one maze of rooms, corridors, and courts, and beautifully decorated walls. One of the most famous of the wall paintings is that of the Aegean acrobats in the Bull-ring. Both boys and girls engaged in this dangerous sport. Bullfighting in Crete was much different than that practiced in Spain. It could be more correctly called bull-leaping. It may well be that the Greeks imbibed their great love for athletic contest from the Cretans. The great interest which had attracted Sir Arthur Evans to Crete was the interpretation of Cuneiform writing. Not finding any bilingual tablets he was not successful, as had been the aid in the case of the Rosetta Stone.

II. a. The first picture of Greece is given us in the life portrayed in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with its code of chivalry, and its domestic manners so like our own at many points and yet so different. We receive through the poet's work an insight into the charm of the domestic relation, the simplicity, and the vivid fullness of the public life in peace and war. All of which have value. Although there is little history before the eighth century it is possible to argue back with reasonable probability from the known facts of later time and the hints regarding earlier traditions, as well as from Greek writers, what the course of events must have been during the time that there was no written record. There was a long period in the history of Greece of unsettlement lasting for many generations, perhaps centuries. During this time Greece was being peopled by successive waves of migration from the north. Bands of warriors drove out the tribes that had settled in the land before them. As Thucydides states:

For it is plain, that what is now called Hellas was not settled with fixed habitations, but that migrations were frequent in former times . . .⁵

⁴ Weber, Nicholas A., and White, L. *Civilization Ancient and Medieval*. (Washington D. C. The Catholic Education Press, 1953.) p. 51.

⁵ Thucydides, as quoted by James in *Our Hellenic Heritage*, p. 202.

This prolonged state of unsettlement was aggravated by the presence of piracy. It was during this long period of violence that the strong love of the 'polis' took such hold on the Greek as to become with him an instinct. For in the history of the Greek the different clans would be induced to unite in a larger body, called a brotherhood or "phratry" when danger threatened. To repel a common peril the Phratries would league themselves into a still larger body called the tribe. By these successive unions was gradually developed the tribal state such as we find in Homeric times, and this grew into the city-state of the historical period. The city was generally formed by a union of tribes. Another thing which also influenced this development was the physical features of the country. Greece is a land of high mountains rising steeply. There are plains in which isolated rock often stands separate and dominates the low ground around. This rock, like the Acropolis at Athens, was easily defensible, and formed the nucleus of a city. When fortified it became a refuge in time of danger, and under its protection, there grew up the walled city.

Inside the wall he could take breath. He could become for a time a man again instead of a terrified beast.⁶

The picture of Hellas of history, or Hellas of the city-state is very different from that of Homeric times. In historic Greece the chieftains with their palaces and princely hospitality, the councils of Elders, and the loose gatherings of the tribe in their agora, have disappeared. Their place has been taken by the 'polis' or city-state, which has become all in all, the support and frame of social and political life. The Greek was first and almost wholly a citizen of his city-state, and only a long way after that a Hellene. His own special city-state was his fatherland, to which all his patriotic devotion was paid.

Greek patriotism fused the emotions of school and family, of inheritance and early training, of religion and politics—all the best of boyhood with all the best of manhood—into one passionate whole. His city was the only city, and her ways the only ways.⁷

This seems to be quite correct, when we consider that the people of other Greek city-states were foreigners (Xenoi), excluded from political privileges and the right of intermarriage. The city-states differed in size from Sparta, which had for territory half the Peloponnese to Corinth, whose lands would not have measured ten miles in any direction. The full life of a man was believed by the Greeks to be a civic life, and the good man was first and foremost the good citizen. The keynotes of the city-state has been described as freedom for its citizens, a fierce independence of all outsiders, and the ability to take care of itself. But the pride of locality of the

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 203.

⁷ Zimmern, *The Greek Commonwealth*, as quoted by James p. 197.

city-states prevented Greece from uniting and often caused fruitless conflicts between the cities in which Greek slaughtered Greek. This left the land easy prey for other countries.

b. The period of Greek colonization is one of the most remarkable periods in history. It was an oversea expansion that peopled the shores of the Mediterranean and Black seas with Hellenic settlements. This period is also noted for the widespread adoption of coinage in Greece, the rise of industry, pronounced cultural influence from the East, and the first flowering of Greek literature and art.

There are various causes that lead people away from home to settle elsewhere. Necessity, discontent, the spirit of adventure, and ambition cause emigrations. The Greeks needed land. In the beginning it was this need for land and not commerce that acted as the mainspring in the quest for new homes. Later, the farflung settlements so stimulated trade and commerce that colonies were founded chiefly for trading purposes. Class hatred was rife, and thus the nobles furthered colonization plans to eliminate some of the discontented masses from their midst. Likewise the Greeks were an adventurous people and easily took to migratory ways.

When once the colonies were founded they were ordinarily city-states in their own right. They were independent of the Greek cities that founded them, and the only ties that remained between them were sentimental and religious. The colonies became outposts of Greek civilization on the shores of the north Aegean, the Black Sea, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Southern France, and Spain. From these outposts Greek culture radiated into the ranks of the native populations. The Romans, for example, received their first infusion of this culture from the Hellenic centers in Southern Italy. This area and Sicily were so extensively colonized that the peoples of Italy called the region "Magna Graecia."

As a result of Greek colonization a higher civilization was introduced among the native populations. The Greek became more conscious of his own culture. Colonization helped to foster a sense of unity among the different branches of the Greek family. The growth of the colonies into rich and prosperous states promoted industry, and commerce throughout the Mediterranean. Although the colonies were independent of the mother city-state, nevertheless the sympathies and hatreds of feuding mother-cities were carried abroad and perpetuated by their colonies.

c. The Greek city-state was first governed by kings, or a monarch which means the "rule of one." The king however was unlike the absolute ruler of Egypt or Mesopotamia. He was obliged to consult leading nobles before any important decision. The royal authority lessened as time went on until the nobles were the real rulers. New offices were created and the candidates for these offices were elected from the nobility. Thus the government changed from the rule of one to aristocracy or the "rule of the best."

The Greeks who had imitated the Lydians in the use of money coinage, by the seventh century witnessed the rise of a middle class. The fortune of this new class depended on business. Its riches were in currency rather than in lands and flocks, and it began to demand political power proportionate to its wealth. This the nobles refused to give. The introduction of money began to hurt the small farmer as well. His poverty led him to borrow money, and when he couldn't repay his loan he sacrificed his mortgaged farm or his own freedom. One of the deciding factors however was the change in the methods of warfare, which lessened the importance of aristocratic cavalry. The heavy-armed foot soldier, called a hoplite, proved his superiority in battle again and again. Thus the mounted nobility was not necessary for defense. The power of the nobles, based on the exclusive possession of wealth and military superiority, was seriously undermined.

The despised rule of the aristocracy was over-thrown by a coalition of the discontented elements of the population. The revolutionaries generally rallied behind an ambitious noble who established himself as the head of state. "The elimination of the old order with its oppression and injustice was the chief and almost the sole concern of the people."⁸

(To be continued)

⁸ Weber, Nicholas A. and White, L. *Civilization Ancient and Medieval*. (Washington D.C. The Catholic Education Press 1953). p. 55.

PRAYER BEFORE A MEDIEVAL SHRINE

By Pat Fitzgerald

*"I cry to thee to turn to me;
Lady, pray thy Son for me,
Tam pia.
That I may come to thee, Maria . . ."*

The moveless plaster woman
Looked down impassively,
I thought, at me.
Those eyes of stone and paint
Chipped hazel blue
Are not, however, tools
Of modern miracles
I know it is a statue, simply statue.

Somehow I cannot talk to statue—
And yet, my wordlessness will fling
Against the rigid folds of blue
And know that words are formed
And cry is met in another, greater place
Where, lovingly, her breath of life will
make an answer.

A Ball and a Chip

By Yvonne Gomez

A little black ball, cold, hard but powerful is cast among a host of white balls. A fatal or a vital pellet—who knows?

A big chip, a too big chip rests on a cashmired shoulder. This chip worn like a paste jewel—will it be discarded or treasured? Who knows?

A ball and a chip are strange partners. Whence the ball? The Rush Week parties are over and the Phi Alpha Rho sorority has just finished balloting. Three of the thirty girls have been black-balled by an overwhelming majority, but the fourth by only one.

Judy Clark is nervously chipping the polish off her nails as she waits for the mail to be sorted. It's a pity that you are spoiling your beautiful manicure, Judy. You'll get your mail soon—very soon.

This is your second year at Ivyhall College. Are you happy here—really happy? A diploma from Ivyhall means a lot to you even if it is costing Dad many a hard-earned pay check. That roll of sheepskin will open many social doors. Doors through which you are determined to walk. Ivyhall women are always welcomed in.

It is true that the car that you drive and the chic clothing that you wear were bought on the installment plan. But can they guess that? You always have money to spend and the crowd knows that you are good for a loan. You know that if your bankroll ever thins out so will your friends but you don't let this worry you. Money gets you everything you want. Somehow the sight of a greenback color-blinds people. You have a lot to learn, Judy. Rush Week is a good time to start.

You looked forward to the Rush Week teas. They came at last. You wore your best silk organza dress with a little fur shrug—both unpaid for. You put on your most gracious and charming manners. You gifted your pinkie just so when you drank your tea. You had gone over big. That is, all except at the Phi Alpha Rho house, the top sorority at Ivyhall. Everyone remembers the stir that Phi Alpha Rho caused when it broke the color bar by pledging Luann Simpson. The alumnae still debate the incident and it caused the sorority to lose its national charter.

Luann is colored; her allowance is limited; yet she is one of the campus leaders. As president of Phi Alpha Rho she holds the most envied student office. You can't figure out how she does it. Maybe it has something to do with her warm smile and friendly. "Hi, there." You never thought of that, Judy.

In the Fall you were sure that you would be asked to pledge Phi Alpha Rho. After all—wasn't it in the bag? That was before Rush Week. At the tea you cornered Luann to make sure that the deal would be clinched. That is where you slipped. You didn't know that we Negroes have to stick-up for each other, if we want to get anywhere." Remember how her dark eyes kindled when she an-

swered, "Why doesn't each Negro try to stand on his own feet instead of using his race as a crutch?" Then she walked away quickly and began talking to another rushee. But she wouldn't dare—or would she?

They are putting the mail in the boxes now. Hurry, Judy! Look in your box. No white envelope—only this, just this little package? Tear open the package; wipe away the falling tears. A little black ball wrapped in a note. Read the neat handwriting:

Dear Judy,

I know that this will hurt you, but you black-balled yourself when you tried to hide under the banner of your race. Please try to understand for your own sake. I couldn't let you pledge under such false circumstances. I want very much to be your friend. How about taking this black ball and the chip on your shoulder and get rid of them. Then I would be very happy if you'd meet me at 12:00 for lunch at the "Campus Cabin."

Your friend,

Luann S.

So a ball and a chip have come together. What now Judy? There's no place like the "Campus Cabin" for lunch.

MEDITATION

By Carron Vincent

*"Through her may we see him
Made sweeter, not made dim.
And her hand leaves his light
Sifted to suit our sight."*

G. M. HOPKINS

*Forest sings a warm, wet song
where willow shades the violet;
where all the great dark other trees
must genuflect in summer heat
she lifts herself, but bends her arms:
for light will burn the purple life.
Though filtered sun is life's own gift,
In sun-struck fields no violets live.*

*Sorrow wells to see the moth
fall dead at other ill-sought light.
Confusing warmth with only shining.
we moth-like rush upon the lamp;
ignore the Woman's filtering shield,
die proud and burned in fallow field.*

